

WRIGLEY'S



As beneficial as it is enjoyable—in other words, doubly beneficial: that's why

WRIGLEY'S

is popular the world over. Many a long watch or a hard job is made more cheerful by this long-lasting refreshment.

After Every Meal  The Flavor Lasts

Aids appetite and digestion



Always thirst and fatigue



Would Give Him the Lie. Rounder—This gas bill is only twenty cents. Clerk—Well, sir? Rounder—Better make it \$4.20. My wife keeps the bills, and I've been writing her that during her absence I've spent all my evenings at home.

The Limit. Belle—Is Jack's wife so critical? June—Dreadful! She'll pick flaws in a perfectly good lie, Jack says? A new rapid-printing machine for photographers will make 10,000 prints in a day from negatives.

Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!

Harvest the Crops—Save the Yields

On the battle fields of France and Flanders, the United States boys and the Canadian boys are fighting side by side to win for the World the freedom that Prussianism would destroy. While doing this they must be fed and every ounce of muscle that can be requisitioned must go into use to save this year's crop. A short harvest period requires the combined forces of the two countries in team work, such as the soldier boys in France and Flanders are demonstrating.

The Combined Fighters in France and Flanders and the Combined Harvesters in America WILL Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.

A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Department of the Interior of Canada and the Department of Agriculture of the United States, under which it is proposed to permit the harvesters that are now engaged in the wheat fields of Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin to move over into Canada, with the privilege of later returning to the United States, when the crops in the United States have been conserved, and help to save the enormous crops in Canada which by that time will be ready for harvesting.

HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED!!!

Canada Wants 40,000 Harvest Hands to Take Care of Its 13,000,000 ACRE WHEAT FIELD.

One cent a mile railway fare from the International boundary line to destination and the same rate returning to the International Boundary.

High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings.

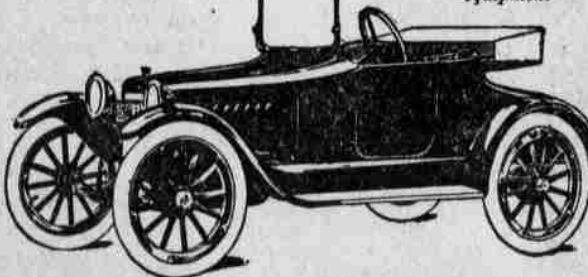
An Identification Card issued at the boundary by a Canadian Immigration Officer will guarantee no trouble in returning to the United States.

AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED, move northward and assist your Canadian neighbour in harvesting his; in this way do your bit in helping "Win the War". For particulars as to routes, identification cards and place where employment may be had, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. S. NETHERY, Room 82, Interurban Bldg., Columbus, O. Canadian Government Agent.

SAXON \$395

With full electric equipment



\$395 Buys Saxon Roadster Greatest Automobile Value Ever Offered

Never has there been an automobile value that can compare with this. Just stop and figure up all that you get for \$395.

First and foremost, full electric equipment (Wagner 2-unit type starting and lighting system); high-speed Continental motor; demountable rims; 30 inch by 3 inch tires; 3-speed transmission; Hyatt quiet bearings; Fedders honeycomb radiator; smart stream-line body; Atwater-Kent ignition system; cantilever type vanadium steel springs of extra length and strength; Schebler carburetor; dry plate clutch and twenty further features of costly car quality. Price, now, \$395, f. o. b. Detroit. Saxon "Six" \$935, f. o. b. Detroit.

Saxon Motor Car Corp., Detroit

See your local dealer NOW or write to us direct.

Responsible representatives wanted in all open territory.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

HELEN'S GUESTS MAKE NO EFFORT TO CONCEAL THEIR DOMESTIC INFELICITIES

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Mabel Herbert Urner

"I didn't say that at all, William," Mrs. Barton corrected her husband with her usual acidity. "You never get anything right."

"You don't remember what you said. The way you flew out at that poor usher—he was scared stiff."

"Well, I didn't propose to sit behind that post, when we'd bought seats on the center aisle."

"Yes, that is annoying," propitiated Helen.

"Annoying? I couldn't see a thing! And William would have sat there. He'll take anything rather than make a fuss. If there's any objecting—I always have to do it."

"Well, you seem to enjoy it, my dear. You've a natural aptitude that way."

"There! That's a sample of the pleasant things he says to me."

"Dear, perhaps Mr. Barton will have some more lamb," broke in Helen, tactfully.

"Why didn't you holler?" Warren took up the carving knife. "You've got to sing out for what you want here. How's this? Too rare?"

"No, just right." Then to his wife: "That's the way to cook lamb. We always have it done to death."

"I think Hilda's an exceptionally good cook," combatively. "You never said you wanted lamb rare."

"Want all meat rare—except pork. But I never get anything at home the way I want it."

"Mrs. Barton, is that window too much on you?" interrupted Helen.

"Oh, no, I like it. You'd better ask William; he's the fragile flower of our family."

"Fragile flower! That's good," grinned Warren. "I'm afraid I come under that class myself, but Helen's never happy unless she has a ten-knot breeze blowing on the back of her neck."

"Then she can sympathize with me. William is simply impossible! He wants to sleep with all the windows down!"

"That's the way you tell it. As a matter of fact, when the thermometer's below zero—they're all up. Twice last winter I woke to find snow an inch deep on the bed."

"Well, you know what the doctor said. When we build, we're going to have a big sleeping porch."

"Fine! If you sleep out there—maybe I'll have some peace."

"Oh, if that's what you mean—you don't have to wait until we build a sleeping porch."

There was an uncomfortable silence as Mrs. Barton, with heightened color, viciously shredded a piece of celery, while her husband drained his wine-glass.

Helen had heard that the Bartons were always quarrelling, but it seemed incredible that they should air their hostilities so openly.

All through the evening they had kept up a running fire of sarcastic repartee. They agreed on nothing. On every subject they had a clashing difference of opinion. Whatever turn the conversation took, they managed to give each other some caustic thrust.

It was a relief when the dinner was over and Helen and Mrs. Barton returned to the library, while the men lingered over their cigars.

"William is so provoking!" drawing the chiffon scarf about her bare shoulders. "He always says something to upset me. Does Mr. Curtis get on your nerves like that?"

"I think we all have disputes at times," Helen conceded.

"At times? It's always like this. He loves to irritate me. He says things deliberately—things that he knows will drive me wild!"

"Perhaps if you didn't show it quite so much—"

"How can I help showing it? Wasn't that a hateful, uncalled-for thing he said about the roast?"

"Oh, he just wanted to seem complimentary about the dinner," murmured Helen appeasingly.

"No, it wasn't that. Whenever we dine out he delights in deprecating my housekeeping. Does Mr. Curtis say those things? Is he always making insinuations about the way you run the house?"

"I suppose all men are irritating—in different ways."

"Well, William can be irritating in more ways than anyone I ever knew."

"Is Mrs. Barton extolling my virtues?" asked Mr. Barton, as Warren and he now joined them. "That's her favorite theme nowadays."

But his wife, ignoring this pleasantry, adjusted the flowers in her corsage with elaborate care.

That's what makes you so nervous and irritable. Yet you persist—"

"Perhaps it isn't altogether the cigars, my dear," snapping open his electric lighter. "There's other things that get on a man's nerves."

"There, you see?" turning despairingly to Helen. "Those are some of the nice, pleasing remarks he makes to me."

"Mrs. Curtis, do you prescribe for your husband the number of cigars he may smoke?"

"Not much she doesn't!" laughed Warren.

"Then you think a wife shouldn't be interested in her husband's health?" challenged Mrs. Barton.

"Here's a member of our family you haven't seen," exclaimed Helen gayly, heralding Pussy Purr-Mew's entrance as a welcome interruption.

"Oh, a shaded silver!" enthused Mrs. Barton, as Pussy Purr-Mew having impartially surveyed the group, stretched her graceful length on a Persian rug, inviting admiration.

"Yes, that's some cat," admitted Mr. Barton. "We had a dog last fall, but Marion wouldn't stand for it."

"That vicious little beast! I should hope not! It snapped at Bobbie every time he came."

"No wonder, the way that brat yanked it around."

"William, it's hardly courteous to call my sister's child a brat. I only wish your brother's children were half as well behaved."

"Well, they don't sail boats in the bathtub and let it run over and spoil all the ceilings. That cunning little prank cost me just \$56."

"It wasn't any worse than your angel nephew emptying a box of talcum in the piano."

Here the maid brought in the coffee and Helen rose to clear a space on the library table for the tray.

"And how do you take yours, Mr. Barton?" having served his wife.

"Now you know, William, if you drink coffee you'll be awake all night."

"One lump, Mrs. Curtis, and no cream," disregarding.

"Barton, how did you ever come out with that L. & A. stock?" asked Warren abruptly. "Had quite a block of that, didn't you?"

"Sold it last spring—lucky to get out even. Dropped ten points since then. I'm carrying some Northwestern preferred, but I'm thinking of letting that go."

The men safely launched on the engrossing subject of stocks, Helen entertained Mrs. Barton by telling her of a little waist and lingerie shop that was selling out.

Every woman is interested in lingerie, and when Helen produced her dainty purchase, Mrs. Barton, in exclaiming over their cheapness, forgot to direct snappish remarks at her husband.

It was almost eleven when the phone rang and their car was announced.

"I hope you can dine with us very soon," invited Mrs. Barton, as they were leaving. "I'm afraid my cook is contemplating matrimony," with a laugh, and I'd like to have you before she leaves."

"Yes, you'd better take your chances with the one we've got now," advised Mr. Barton. "Heaven knows how the next one'll be!"

They were still dissenting over the possible inefficiencies of the new cook when they entered the elevator.

"Congenial couple!" shrugged Warren as he closed the door.

"Oh, how could they? What awfully bad taste! Even if they quarrel at home, you'd think they'd try to be courteous to each other in company."

"Yes, we'll throw our beer bottles when we're alone. I'd just as soon not have an audience."

"Do you think it's mostly her fault?" Helen mused, with feminine analysis, as she followed him into the bedroom.

"Well, he's pretty much of a fool!" peeling off his coat. "If she were my wife, I'd have knocked out a few of her front teeth long ago."

"But, dear, he's partly to blame," reflectively.

"Of course he is! You've got to handle that woman without gloves. If he'd laid down the law good and hard, instead of eternally bickering, they'd both be a darned sight happier."

"I wonder if they'll be like that when we dine there."

"We'll not dine there," emphatically, his chin upheld as he unbuttoned his collar. "One dose of that's enough for me."

"Dear, I'd like to go," admitted Helen. "In a way it's a relief to see that other people get along even worse than—"

"Eh? What's that?" as she paused confused. "See here, when it comes to a show-down, Mrs. Barton hasn't got such a devil of a lot on you. You'd have been a close second if I hadn't always held you with a good stiff rein!"

Cruel Comment. Stout Party—They say a lot of fat is disappearing from the country.

Kind Friend—Why, I didn't notice that you had been reducing any.

Easy to Remedy.

Jones was always complaining of his wife's memory.

"She can never remember anything," said he. "It's awful!"

"My wife was just as bad," said Brown, "till I found out a capital recipe."

"What is it?" asked Jones, eagerly.

"Why," said Brown, "whenever there's anything particular I want the missus to remember I write it on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking glass."

Jones is now a contented man.

Left Them Outside.

"Where are your manners, sir?" asked the crusty business man of a stranger who unceremoniously rushed into his private office.

"I left them out in the main office," answered the irate caller, "where I was insulted by two or three of your impudent clerks."

Force of Practice.

"That singer knows how to manage her range."

"She ought to know. She used to be a cook."

After a woman reaches a certain age she never mentions it.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR

ASTHMA

Your MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED by your druggist without any question if this remedy does not benefit every case of Asthma, Bronchial Asthma, Hay Fever or Difficult Breathing. No matter how violent the attacks or obstinate the case.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S

ASTHMADOR

In either form (Cigarette, Pipe Mixture or Powder) positively gives INSTANT RELIEF in every case and has permanently cured thousands who had been considered incurable, after having tried every other means of relief in vain. Sufferers are afforded an opportunity of availing themselves of this "Money-Back" guarantee offer as through purchasing from their own regular druggist. They are sure their money will be refunded by him if the remedy fails. You will be the sole judge as to whether you are benefited and will get your money back if you are not. We do not know of any fairer proposition which we could make.

R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

Agents!

For line of high grade polishes appealing to picture theatres, auto, furniture, piano dealers and households in general. White Co., 116 State, Louisville, Ky.

PARKER'S

HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 38-1917.

Too Sick To Work

Many Women in this Condition Regain Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Convincing Proof of This Fact.

Ridgway, Penn. — "I suffered from female trouble with backache and pain in my side for over seven months so I could not do any of my work. I was treated by three different doctors and was getting discouraged when my sister-in-law told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her. I decided to try it, and it restored my health, so I now do all of my housework which is not light as I have a little boy three years old." — Mrs. O. M. RHINES, Ridgway, Penn.

Mrs. Lindsey Now Keeps House For Seven.

Tennille, Ga. — "I want to tell you how much I have been benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About eight years ago I got in such a low state of health I was unable to keep house for three in the family. I had dull, tired, dizzy feelings, cold feet and hands nearly all the time and could scarcely sleep at all. The doctor said I had a severe case of ulceration and without an operation I would always be an invalid, but I told him I wanted to wait awhile. Our druggist advised my husband to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has entirely cured me. Now I keep house for seven and work in the garden some, too. I am so thankful I got this medicine. I feel as though it saved my life and have recommended it to others and they have been benefited." — Mrs. W. E. LINDSEY, R. 3, Tennille, Ga.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Nitrogen From Air.

The production of nitrogen from the air in Germany, which was only 30,000 tons in 1913, has been so successful that 300,000 tons were so produced in 1916, and it is expected that 320,000 will be produced this year. According to the Frankfurter Zeitung, the cost is only six cents a kilogram.

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches." GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules taken today ease the backache of tomorrow—taken every day ends the backache for all time. Don't delay. What's the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1890 GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Red Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original Haarlem Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories in Haarlem, Holland. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. Sold by reliable druggists in sealed packages, three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. Adv.

Soldiers and Officers.

The lieutenant was testing the squad in visual power.

"Tell me, No. 1," he said, "how many men are in the trench digging party over there?"

"Thirty men and one officer," was the reply.

"Quite right. But how do you know one was an officer at this distance?"

"Cos he's the only one not working!" — Scottish American.

A woman who loves money doesn't necessarily love a man because he has it.

Too many things we wait for are not worth the delay.

For Unruly Window Shades.

When a roller window shade refuses suddenly to remain unrolled at a certain point, a handy kink is to insert a small wooden wedge, such as a match or toothpick, between the unrolled curtain and the roller. This is only an emergency device and may injure the fabric if repeated often at the same point.

Cutting Down Gossip.

"How do you suppose some people spent their spare time before motion pictures were invented?"

"I don't like to appear unkind to those persons, but before they started to spending practically all of their leisure moments in photoplay houses they knew a great deal more about their neighbors' private affairs than they do now."

Anything for Comfort.

"I wouldn't grieve so about your boy going to war."

"It is dreadful; I can't bear the thought."

"I know, but you remember that if he stayed home he might take it into his head to marry some girl you have no use for."

Just So.

"Their love-making's course was perfectly even."

"How odd!"

Compressed peat is being developed by a European inventor as a sound insulating material.

Who wants bread and butter when a feller can have

POST TOASTIES

says Bobby

(MADE OF CORN)

